

The General
L O S S,
OR THE
Universal Mourners.

^A
P O E M,

Dedicated to the MEMORY of the late truly Virtu-
ous, Worthy, and Honourable

Sir Francis Hamilton, Bar.^t

By Richard Morphett. K

Multis Ille bonis flebilis occidit. Hor.

DUBLIN: Printed by Samuel Fairbrother, Bookseller in
Skinner-Row, over against the Tholsel, 1714.

The General

LOSS

OR THE

Universal Mounters.

DOE M

On the 1st of the late truly Virtuous
Honourable



Sir Francis Hamilton, Bart.

By Richard Morphet.

Printed by James Phillips, No. 1.

Printed by Samuel Fawcett, Bookbinder in
St. James's Street, over against the Temple, 1714.

To the Right Honourable
ARTHUR,
Earl of **GRANARD.**

My LORD!

SHou'd I address your Lordship in customary Form of Dedication, soliciting a Pardon for Presumption, it were making my self conscious of a Crime, now, e'er the Committal, in my power to avoid; which I look upon to be such an Aggravation of the Fault, as puts the Trespasser beneath a Claim to Forgiveness, instead of which I shall only intreat your Lordship's Acceptance and Protection of this Paper; a naked and impolite Delineation of your Lordship's late Worthy Relation and Friend. Your Lordship expects not from Pen, nor Paint, a Portraiture like that bright Image, his boundless Worth, and Merits have justly plac'd in your Esteem and Mind: Yet, as it is intended a Monument, tho' slightly rais'd by Artless Hands, of one who worship'd him alive, and now adores his Memory, it humbly hopes from your Lordship the Privilege of other meaner Buildings, not to be demolish'd, but allow'd to stand, until a more Magnificent and stately Fabrick is erected; a Mausoleum becoming his Memory, such as Time cannot deface or impair.

It is usual with Painters, and Poets to plunder the Armories, and Wardrobes of Worthies and Brave-Men, to adorn Undesert, and deck up a Mimick Heroe in borrowed Trappings; but as I have a great Part of Mankind, so have I also your Lordship's more valuable Knowledge to justify and acquit me of such Imputation.

As Descriptions cease to give delight, when the Things represented by them are present, so likewise shou'd any Audacious Pen dare to introduce to your Lordship's Presence, any Fictitious Characters in Fame, the Spurious Rays wou'd fade away before you, and darken into Shade, and all the gay Plumes and Ornaments drop off, and leave the Imposture naked to your discerning View.

You! who derive from the most flowing Limpid Source of true Honour, and Greatness all those Excellencies that make the Heroe, the Statesman, and Philosopher in full Extent of Glory shine; but as humble Truth may approach, and is acceptable to a Deity, so also on your Lordship's Goodness, which well may claim Affinity with Heaven, are all my humble Hopes and Expectations built, of not only being forgiven, but that your Lordship will also be propitious, and benign to the following Essay, which with great Awe, and all humble Defference, is laid at your Lordship's Feet, by

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's most Humble,

and most Obedient Servant,

Richard Morphett.



THE General LOSS.



WHEN Men of high-rai'd Merits are to
 (die,
 Heaven oft' proclaims it by some Pro-
 (digie;
 Let's the Unhappy World before-hand
 (know,
 What Future Sorrow it must undergo.
 And sure such Notice never yet was gi-
 (ven,
 To mock our Supplications made to
 (Heaven:

But luke warm Offerings will ascend too late,
 And slighted Warning will exasperate,
 And make a mild, an unrelenting Fate.

A

E'er

The General Loss, or

E'er the sad day arriv'd, with *Cæsars* Doom,
 Ripening for Birth, in it's black baleful Womb,
 Pale Noon-Day-Spectres stalk'd the Streets of *Rome*.
 The Lyon left his Fierceness, and his Den,
 And inoffensively did mix with Men.
 Well rooted Oaks, from their Foundations torn,
 Were thro' the Air on Wings of Tempest born.
 Ill-boding Birds, forsook the lonely Wood,
 Croaking dire Notes, on Fanns of Temples stood,
 And Statues of dead Heroes stream'd down Blood.

Yet vain were all these Threatnings of the Sky,
 In vain the Flagrant Voice of Prophecy ;
 Empire and Gluts of daz'ling Victory,
 Had lull'd the Heroe in Security,
 Th' infatuated Conqueror could not see.

As God makes use of various, wondrous ways,
 By which, His Grace and Mercies, He conveys;
 Sometimes by Force He bends our stubborn Will,
 Again He courts us to avoid some Ill;
 No matter how, the Benefit's the same,
 Whatever are the ways by which it came.
 Thus prudent Parents educate their Child,
 Alternately by Methods rough and mild.

So are His various ways of Punishment,
 Various as Causes are, for which they'r sent;
 Sometimes th' impending Sword amidst the Feast,
 Drops and destroys th' ingrateful, thankless Guest ;
 And Fate oft' meets us slowly in Disguise,
 Again the Stroke is swift, and by Surprize
 Without the least Alarum from the Skies.

The Universal Mourners.

3

Not so our much lamented Patriot fell,
Heaven did our sad Calamities fore-tell;
We did fore-see th' Almighty's dread Intent,
But did we mend our Lives? Did we repent?
Had we sincerely for our Errors griev'd,
Our Prayers had been heard, and He still liv'd!

We were not warn'd by Thunder, Hail, or Rain,
To beat the naked Trees, and Grassless Plane;
No deadly Murrain seiz'd the harmless Beasts;
And left the Fields, and Folds, without the Ghosts;
Mild were th' Approaches of our rigid Doom,
As if no Evil were presag'd to come;
No blazing Comet seated in the Sky,
Portending the Intent of Destiny.
The Winter Months, no wonted Frosts did bring,
Summer was lengthned to the Verge of Spring,
And in their Groves, mistaken Birds did love and sing.
No rustling Blasts disturb'd the slumbring Air,
Calm and Serene was the whole At'mosphere.

'Twas Heaven's peculiar Care to smooth his Way,
In his bright Passage to Eternal Day.

Or Providence, perhaps, was in Suspence,
And half constrain'd, by Prayer's Violence;
Not to recal him home so soon from hence.

As all the Heavenly Lights did once stand still,
To lengthen Day, and the Almighty Will
In work of holy Slaughter to fulfil.

The General Loss, or

So was the Wonders of this Calm design'd,
Till his just Soul he had to Heaven resign'd;
An Emblem of his even Life, and Mind.

No sooner his pure Soul had mounted High,
And reach'd it's Native home, beyond the Sky;
But Fate turn'd loose, the long imprison'd Wind,
And all the Rage of Winter did unbind
With double Fury bent on Human-kind.

In gloomy Air, Diseases flie about,
Dispensing numerous Deaths of lesser Note;
Disdaining Truce, a Cure, or Antidote.
On sighing Clouds, that seem themselves to moan,
Sick with the deadly weight, are heard to groan,
A Thousand Maladies, are carried on.

Scatter'd o'er Earth, the Water, and the Air,
The Venom is diffus'd in e'ry where.
Malignant Stars send Weapons from the Sky,
Of mighty Size, a new and large Supply;
Death has his great, and small Artillery.
The treacherous *Proteus* acting Tragedies,
As well at sumptuous, as mean Tables lies;
Beneath vile Cov'rings makes his Ambuscade,
But not more fatal than the Downy Bed.
While o'er the dying Wife, the Husband cries,
He takes the Taint himself, and likewise dies.
And e'er their Friends can lay them in the Grave,
The like Infection, they from them receive.

When

The Universal Mourners.

When angry Fate these Evils pre-ordain,
Then the Physician's boasted Art is vain.

But since Death triumphs, his late Victory,
'Tis almost impious not to wish to die;
But that 'tis Duty, for his Death to grieve,
What boot's it any longer now to live,
To Crouds, that his large Bounty did maintain,
(Not indigent alone did he sustain)
Death proves a Friend, that frees them of their Pain.

Since he subdu'd the Valiant, Wife, and Great,
Who wou'd not cover to partake his Fate?

Yet hear, O Heaven! Attend our ardent Prayer,
Nor hear us longer, with regardless Ear;
Afflictions made thy Suppliants sincere,
Protect his pious *Relict* left behind,
Since all our Hopes are now to her confin'd.
Lovely and Beautiful, thou'd here be set,
And ev'ry shining Virtue in her met;
But pious is her darling Epithet,
Let Angel Sentinels around her wait,
And keep Contagion distant from her Gate.
Now stop the Torrent of these dismal Woes,
Appease thy Anger, by our One great Loss,
Can there be any yet unpunish'd Crime,
Unexpiated in the Death of him?
If all we held so dear, will not suffice,
With our sad Sorrows, at his Obsequies,
Take, as *Lustration*, both our Hearts and Eyes.

B

His

The General Loss, or

His Life, one full Atonement, sure may stand,
For all th' Offences of a guilty Land.

A Life! whose Story, if exactly told,
Wou'd be Reproach on most Men living to behold.

Muse! Now do Justice to his Sacred Name,
While to the weeping World, my Verse proclaims,
A Loss, as *Universal* as his Fame.
To latest Ages make his Virtues known,
His Life will reach to regulate their own.
But let the lifting Globe again be found,
In a new briny Deluge deeply drown'd.
And as my melancholly Numbers flow,
By his Renown, I shall immortal grow.

Thus did *Jove's* Bird, the Royal Eagle bring
A Wren, conceal'd up, in his wide spread Wing;
In radiant Spheres, near *Phæbus* self, to sing.

Early in Arms, a Heroe he appears,
Acquiring Fame, uncommon at such Years.
His Ancestors high Glory, and Renown,
To every Age so eminently known,
In him, by well-distinguish'd Brightness shone.
To Honour's most refulgent, high Abode,
In pathless Ways of Fame he always trod.
Ever disdaining to adorn his Brows,
But with his own dear-purchas'd Laurel Boughs.
No Earthly Honours, his vast Mind could please,
Cheaply obtain'd by mean or common ways;
True genuine Merit scorns fictitious Praise.

His

The Universal Mourners.

His Country's Goods, it's Liberty and Laws,
Next to Religion, was his dearest Cause.
Success attended him in Peace and War;
A Victor still, he knew no Conquerour,
Beauty excepted, at whose high Command,
Jove drops the brandish'd Thunder from his Hand.
Wreaths got by Love, he priz'd his highest Gains,
A conquering Captive, led in downy Chains.

As Lustre round the Regal Diadem,
Not due to this, to that, or 'rother Gem;
As is the Beauty of the flow'ry Fields,
Where no one Blossom to another yields;
This, tho' a lovely red, and that a pale,
Make but one gay Embroidery for the Vale.
Or, as innumerable Stars by Night
Produce, but one continued gawdy Light;
One Constellation in the wide-arch'd Sky,
Tho' we no certain Number can descry,
Gives us a bright, a glorious Galaxie.

Such were the Virtues of his generous Soul,
Where none were uppermost, or did controul,
But Charity, which comprehends the whole.

The Grave, the Wise, the Wealthy, and the Great,
For good Advice, have lost their best Retreat.
To all Mankind his Benefits did reach,
In Gifts, good Offices, and courteous Speech.
Tho' in his great Acquaintance, yet he knew,
Worthy such Blessings, but a very Few.

The General Loss, or

As underneath the Oak's extended Arms,
The lesser Growth, is well secur'd from Storms;
Kindly defended by whole shady Boughs,
The tenderest Blades of Grass in Safety grows.
But when by Age, or Art, or Storm it fall,
Quick Ruin round it, follows upon all.

So in his Friendly Umbrage, whilst alive,
Did all about him prosper, grow, and thrive;
Uninterrupted Pleasure fill'd our Days,
Our Nights were spent in unmolested Ease.
But now expos'd a Prey to merc'less Grief,
Nights give no Rest, nor Mornings bring Relief.

His Ears were always open, and his Door,
To answer all Petitions of the Poor.
Their Wants were constantly by him suppli'd,
But Wants we could not call them, till he died!
Well knowing the Religious Use and End
Of wealth, is not to hoard, but wisely spend;
Thus to the Poor he did profusely lend.

Wealth well deposited with his dear Lord,
Who, for the rich Return, has past his Word.

The Business of his Life was doing good,
It was his Work, Diversion, nay his Food.
When Objects did not frequently present,
His Mercy grew impatient, and he sent.
Bounteous as Heaven, his Benefits he gave,
And God-like too, he bid them ask and have.

Records

The Universal Mourners.

9

Records of his Humanity and Love,
On Golden Pages, did to Heaven remove,
And are in endless Chrystal Archives lodg'd above.

Unblemish'd Justice, and soft Clemency,
Faith, Friendship, Honour, Magnanimity,
His wide-spread Character have lifted high.

From Heaven these Virtues draw their Pedigree,
And there are fled again, (Great Soul!) along with thee.

As a gay Building, seated by the Side
Of some fair Stream, whose Waters smoothly glide;
This to Beholders, o're a Spacious Field,
A lovely Piece of Perspective does yield;
The Stately Fabrick freely does bestow
It's glittering Beauties on the Flood below;
The grateful Stream, that ever fleeting Glafs
Preserves the Figure on it's Chrystal Face,
Leaves it unbroken to the coming Wave,
Thus in Succession, they the Image save.

He that receives, such endless Thanks shou'd show
To him that did the Benefit bestow.

So was the Goodness of his *God-like* Mind
Diffus'd all round him, unto Human-kind.
Large, like his ample Mind, did he bestow,
Made by his graceful Giving, doubly so.
With such deep Courtesie his Favours gave,
You cou'd not say, that he, who did receive,

Was

Was, by the Largesse, more oblig'd, than He,
The cheerful Giver, shou'd himself to be.

This way peculiar to himself we find,
A Deathless Gratitude leaves in the Mind,
In Characters indelible behind.

Those, whos far distant, only hear by Fame,
With Admiration shall applaud his Name.
The yet unborn, will murmur at their Fate;
That did delay their Birth, 'till 'twas too late,
To see that Worth, of which they'r only told,
The like few after Ages will behold.

Nothing! but what was great and good he knew,
He had an A N G E L constantly in View;
And if th' Employments of the Happy are,
Alternate Praises, and alternate Prayer,
The Place of Praise he chang'd by his Remove,
And chang'd a Heaven below, for one above.

Without the least Reluctance did he go
From all his Honours, Wealth, and Pomp below;
All these, without Regret, did he forego.
But one dear precious *Gemm* had all his Heart,
And from Her only, he was loath to part.
To all the Joys on Earth, he Her prefers,
She was his *All* of Bliss, as he was her's.
Dear was she to him, as his very Soul,
His God, and She, at once possess'd him whole.
For her he inwardly did grieve and mourn,
Took Wing for Flight, and did again return.

Bright

The Universal Mourners.

Bright did his Views of op'ning Heaven appear,
And yet with her, his Soul would linger here!
Angels appointed to direct his way,
Least in the vast expanded Space he stray;
Attended with Delight, his fond Delay.
They saw such Mercy, Charity and Prayer,
And in such constant Order practis'd here;
Such ample Works, in narrow Time and Room,
They hardly knew themselves to be from home.

But, Oh! no mortal Tongue or Pen can tell
His last Adieus, his latest sad Farewel;
Those Lamentations are ineffable.
That fond, fond Kiss, he gave at his last Breath,
And mix'd her dear lov'd Name with Prayer in Death.

In them alone! of all that dwelt on Earth,
The holy Tie reveal'd it's heavenly Birth.

The beamy Messengers their Wings display,
And soar aloft, along the milky way;
Dropping down Rays upon the Heavenly Road,
To lead their young-fledg'd Charge to his Abode.
The new freed Soul, now loaths it's late lov'd Clay,
And longs to bask above in endless Day.
Views with Disdain, a World he now forsakes,
Then his first Flight in airy Regions takes.
Still shooting upward, to his Home on High
In Tracks of Glory, thro' the blazing Sky,
There to remain a bless'd Eternity!

The General Loss, or

BLACK, tho' the Weed of Grief and deep Distress,
Exteriour Mourning only do's express.
The Poet can describe, in sobbing Verse,
The solemn sad Procession of the Hearse.
But yet the weeping *Muses* cannot find,
Numbers to speak the Sorrows of her Mind.
That inward Woe, and Throbbing of the Heart,
Which none, not they, who feel it, can impart.

So the griev'd murmuring *Turtle* makes her moan,
When her lov'd Mate's for ever from her gone,
And leaves her to lament her Loss alone.

So *Canens* sigh'd; until the lovely Fair
Had sigh'd her beauteous Form to fleeting Air.

So for *Halcione* did *Ceyx* mourn,
Till all her Charms, did to a Sea-Fowl turn.

Beauteous! as *Byblis*, melting into Floods,
Or Summer Suns veil'd o're with watry Clouds.
Dewy and dark, as melancholly Night,
Yet as the Dawn of Summer Mornings bright.
A lovely Mourner, in a doleful Dress,
Grief does admit of Elegance and Grace.
And sure such Shrouds of BLACK were never wore,
By Mourner half so radiant bright before.

When Angels formerly, did leave their Skies,
And mixt below, with Mortals in Disguise,
Around the Phantom Garb, they might descry
Some glorious Rays of bright Divinity.

So thro' her Cypress Robes some Beauties pass,
 Their Envy cannot hide her every Grace.
 Thus thro' the thickest Shades of Night, a Star
 In short surprizing Glances does appear.
 And to the Sun-beams darting down to us,
 Black interposing Clouds are perviews.
 So does her piercing Beauty, thro' the Vail,
 The Source divine, from whence it sprung, reveal.

Such Grief! as ours, to *Salvages* shou'd reach,
 And to the *Beutes* themselves, soft Sorrow teach.
 The pamper'd Steed, that us'd to foam and bound,
 Proud of his Rider, o're the hoof-beat Ground;
 In melancholly Stall, me-thinks, shou'd pant,
 And underneath his Load of Sorrow faint.
 The sweet mouth'd Hounds, that with melodious Cry,
 Were wont to satisfy his Ear and Eye;
 When their fine Senies, and assiduous Care,
 Unravel'd all the Travels of the Hare,
 Or thro' resounding Valleys drive away,
 The proud-grown Stag, their Fleet, but noble Prey;
 Till forc'd to foyl, or turn about at Bay.
 While they pursue their Game with eager Speed,
 O're Rocks, proud Mountains, and the humble Mead,
 The Woods, the Hills and Vale's, thro' which they pass,
 Repeat the charming Musick of the Chase.
 Courage is useless now, as his first Fears,
 His Foes pursue, their dreadful Cry he hears,
 Or if not so, sad Fancy fills his Ears.
 Not Floods, nor Coverts, nor the open Field,
 Can the least dawn of Hope, or Comfort yield.

Nor Force, nor Flight a Safety does afford,
He must a Victim fall, to please their Lord.

Honour he gains whilst thus his Life he gives,
More worth by far, than are Ten Thousand Lives.

But now, no Rural Shouts, or shriller Horn
Are heard on Hills, to meet the rising Morn:
A deep and melancholly Silence reigns,
O're these late joyous, and frequented Plains,
No Sounds, but weeping Nymphs, and sighing Swains.

Great Soul! If thou in thy Paternal Sphere,
Amongst thy numerous happy Kindred are,
From this low miserable World canst hear.
Made so by thy too soon departing hence,
Made by thy Absence such in Consequence.
As Gods no mean Libations do refuse;
So do thou take this Off'ring of the Muse;
And if my Verse the Happiness may claim,
That it preserve thy highly honour'd Name;
Ambition bids me ask no more of Fame.

TO THE
HONOURABLE
The Lady HAMILTON.



Eneath your Feet, the prostrate Muse adores,
She, who was wont to be implor'd, implores.
Proud of High Parents, and unus'd to bow,
Haughty to all, humble alone to you;
The *Muses* Mistress shou'd be worship'd low.
Your suppliant Poet too, with list'd Hand
Does your Attention humbly now demand.
Auspicious Views his Off'ring now afford;
'Tis the just Praise of your Departed LORD.
His ample Merits, by the Mouths of Fame
I loudly, to the listning World proclaim,
And well-known Truth, drew from my Pen the same.

More wou'd I say, if with a pitying Ear,
You wou'd the Prayers of th' Afflicted hear.
Such are all those, who do your Sorrows know,
No sooner known, but they themselves are so.

Too much to sullen Grief you have resign'd,
 Th' insatiate Foe possesses all that Mind,
 Where Consolation shou'd Admittance find.
 Grief is a Barbarous, and Ungrateful Guest,
 That preys upon that hospitable Breast,
 Where most receiv'd, and entertain'd the best.
 Blacks are his Banners, when he goes to War,
 Beauty the Foe, and Groans his Trumpets are;
 Bright conquering Glances, are his richest Spoils,
 His Trophies, and the Wages of his Toils.
 Beauty defac'd, and wrinkled hollow Eyes,
 The Monuments of his base Victories.
 Sighs are his Mirth, his Mansion Solitude,
 Tears are his Drink, and broken Hearts his Food.
 Too far you have submitted to his Sway,
 He'l cease to rule, when you no more obey.
 Indulge his Reign, He'l always tyrannize,
 'Till he lays waste the Glories of your Eyes.

Much to your CONSORT's Memory is due,
 And much already, is discharg'd by you.
 Grieve him no longer, with your Misery,
 Grieve not his Soul, amidst his Joys on High,
 Whence he beholds you, with a troubled Eye.
 That Eye Eternal, swift as Thought, can pierce,
 And at one View take in the Universe,
 His Knowledge, Mortals wou'd in vain pretend
 With Earthly Intellects to comprehend.
 He hears your Plaints, with Grief your Tears he sees,
 As far as Grief can dwell with Heavenly Bliss.
 While you were happy in his Presence here,
 You were his Chief, nay, you were all his Care.

And

the Lady HAMILTON. 17

And now the Passion of his holy Love
Is sublimated higher, much above.
This Thought methinks, might mollifie all pains,
That by your Loss, he has perpetual Gains.
Wou'd Heaven now grant him back again to pray'r,
It were Impiety to wish him here.
Rather let humble Prayers prevail on Grace,
That we may be exalted to his Place.

Wherever fighting Saints might hope to gain,
And from the Mercy-Throne it self obtain,
Is likewise owing to your pious Prayer;
Since not a brighter Saint inhabits there.
But Fate's Decrees must never be revers'd,
And that which God thinks fit, is ever best;
And in his Dispensations shou'd we rest.

The greatest Blessings in the Stores of Heaven,
That ever were to Mortal Female given,
Wisdom and *Beauty*, but at once these Two,
Heaven rarely does on any one bestow.
When Providence their Beings first design'd,
They were made *Graces* of a different kind;
One to adorn the Body, one the Mind.
And where but *one* of these was seen to shine,
The rich Possessor, was esteem'd divine.
Minerva's Wisdom Richest Incense had,
Beauty a Deity of *Venus* made,
Each, as a Goddess, had her Worship paid.
And yet the Trust of Beauty may be fear'd,
Where Wisdom is not joyn'd, to be the Guard.

E

Now

18 To the Hon^{ble}. the Lady Hamilton.

Now since these Excellencies meet in you,
(The chiefest Gifts that Heaven has to bestow)
The deepest Adoration is your due.

Whatever gives that fleeting Happiness,
Mistaken Mortals, here on Earth possess,
Friends, Honour, Power, proportion'd Parts, or Health,
Are all precarious, transitory Wealth:
Loans only, during pleasure, and no more,
Which we must on demand again restore;
And this without repining shou'd be done,
With Thanks continued, tho' the Loan be gone.
Riches are not our own, but in our Care,
That those who want, shou'd also have a share.
And they who can command the greatest Store,
Are Heaven's high Bankers, to supply the Poor,
And in your Conduct, Providence may rest secure.
The Honour's great, where God reposes Trust,
But vastly so, when on discounting just.
Nor yet is *Wisdom* for our selves alone,
But for the use of others, who have none.
Such rare Endowments shou'd not buried lie,
They were not given, to lie idly by,
Nor *Beauty* (only) to delight the Eye.

23 AP 68

F I N I S

